

The Bandon Beach

Coquille Editor Writes of Vacation Spent on the Seashore.

Last Saturday the Sentinel scribe took a two-days layoff and accompanied by his better half went down to get acquainted with the Bandon beach. Indeed he felt as if he really owed the beach an apology for not doing it sooner. This because it was just about a year ago now that being called upon to use a Bandon folder as a sample in printing one for his home town of Woodburn up in the Willamette valley he had Bandon located in his mind as one of the best resorts between Astoria and Tillamook!

Of course having the idea then that the Coquille river was tributary to Coos Bay, there was no place to locate Bandon down here. Perhaps when we get railroad communication with the outside world there will be fewer mistakes of this kind.

At any rate, with a railroad Bandon beach would certainly be better known. The writer has seen a few beaches in the course of his earthly pilgrimage, having spent his first quarter century within a mile of the eastern coast, and having seen the shores of half a dozen other states, to say nothing of Brazil and Cuba; and he wants to say, without any exceptions or qualifications, that he has never before seen as interesting a beach as the one that stretches four miles south from Bandon.

It seems strange that more of a summer resort has not been built up there, with such attractions; but of course the lack of easy transportation facilities has had much to do with that. To get to Bandon from the outside one has the choice of three risks—to turn his stomach inside out, to be rolled over a precipice or to sink in the quicksands at the mouth of Tenmile. So long as these conditions continue, the Bandon cliffs are not going to be dotted with the cottages of summer visitors.

Realizing though, what an asset Jump-off Joe and a few other remnants of sandstone ledges have been to Newport, we felt like exclaiming, "why hasn't someone told us how incomparably superior are the buttes and pillars and rocks of varying forms and colors and flinty hardnesses that transform the Bandon beach into a veritable 'garden of the gods'?"

Of course the scenes there can't be described by a few words printed on paper, but to know how wonderful they are one must wander through them and take time to let the hundreds of views they offer stamp themselves on memory's walls. How any one can see this magnificent beach, with its towering rocks, some of them as long as a city block and many of them as tall as the tallest church spires, without telling all his friends that it is one of the finest things he ever saw, we can't comprehend.

Several of these rocks have passage ways through them; and we enjoyed our lunch on the sunnyside of one of the biggest of them, whose summit had many patches of bright flowers blooming on its higher slopes which they seemed to carpet so loosely did they cling. Again some are out at sea where the waves never cease to dash about them, while others are up the beach out of reach of all ordinary tides. Between stand those whose bases are alternately bathed in surf and sunshine.

The farthest one we visited stood with its taller end facing the land but it's outer extremity away in the sea and so low that it seemed a pity we could not climb it. Still on a nearer approach we found that its remote side was provided with a natural platform level enough for the adventurous to encircle it half way and reach its summit by easy stages.

The introduction we received to this rock-dotted coast from the time we passed the beached motor boat Queen, just south of the jetty, until we had traversed the rocky shelf that furnished a pathway out to sea, was so cordial and the scenes so grandly picturesque that our thought was, "what a splendid vacation trip if one could follow this beach all the way down to California!"

Going north, though, from Bullards the next morning, with the too ambitious project of hoofing it to Whiskey Run and back before the Coquille came along, we finally climbed the steep eastern face of sand dunes that have here swept inward from the sea on the low coast line and buried the primeval forests as they progressed, until for a space four miles long and nearly a mile in breadth there is practically no vegetation, only a beach lined with bleaching logs—millions of them—and back of that a waste of windswept sands rising on the farther side to high hills, with plains and valleys, peaks and passes

in the background. It was a scene of utter desolation, such as we suppose the desert of Sahara presents, making the sharpest possible contrast to the green cliffs and cathedral-rock beach of the previous day. We used to wander among the shifting sand dunes of the Long Island shores when a boy and had seen trees buried by the restless sands before but we had never imagined anything like this, though there are doubtless localities where an even vaster waste of sand has blown inland. As it was it looked as if the millions of cubic yards the winds were tossing about might furnish material enough for all the building operations of the world for years and years.

The farthest slope near the forest that is slowly succumbing before the restless advance of this sandy cliff, in some places seventy-five feet high, is as steep as the stuff will lie, and we found it easy to slide from its summit to its base, though to climb up again was an arduous task.

And now comes one of those singular coincidences which sometimes seem almost uncanny. On our arrival home, after two days spent in Bandon, we found a geological survey publication had just reached us by mail—a book of hundreds of pages devoted to the geology of Long Island, in which we read for hours about the sand une formations and shifting coast lines there, and also about the ice-sheet boulder eighteen feet wide and eleven feet high over which we have so often climbed when a kid, and which stood out as a land mark on the eastern coast like those rock masses about which we have been writing do on the Bandon beach.

Another point we must pass over now is what we learned about the tides during our visit, but that will keep for another story, as this has already stretched out far enough to quit—Coquille Sentinel.

DOLLAR WILL BUILD A FINE NEW STEAMSHIP

Portland, Ore.—Captain Robert Dollar, at the head of the Dollar Steamship Company, and a world figure in marine affairs, stopped over in this city yesterday while enroute to his home in San Francisco from Puget Sound. He came north partly to attend the wedding of his son, Stanley Dollar, who was married to Miss Esther Johnson, at Coquille, Ore., July 15.

While in the Pacific Northwest Captain Dollar this trip devoted most of his time to general business matters. He has a contract for the transportation of about 30,000,000 feet of lumber from British Columbia to the Eastern provinces of Canada. Already one cargo partly destined for Toronto is aboard the steamship Robert Dollar, which sailed from Vancouver, B. C., two or three weeks ago. Captain Dollar said he expected to let a contract soon for the construction of another steamship which will exceed the capacity of the Robert Dollar, the largest of his fleet. The new vessel will be built in Scotland. She will be christen Harold Dollar, in honor of one of his sons, and is to be capable of carrying considerably more than 5,000,000 feet of lumber, in which trade she will engage. Like all of his other large vessels she will fly the British flag, and it will enable her to be operated more cheaply. The Harold Dollar is expected to be ready to launch in nine months. She will operate from this coast.

INSURANCE PAID.

Received of Dippel & Wolverton \$1000.00 in full payment of policy covering loss in recent fire.—D. M. Averill.

Received of Dippel & Wolverton \$65.00 in full payment of policy covering loss in recent fire.—O. T. Teaney.

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Insure with Dippel & Wolverton.—G.H.

For Sale—Five fancy plants. Insects of Melvin Baker on Jackson Avenue, the buyer's property.

TWO GULF STREAMS.

The One of Air is What Creates the Deserts of the East.

The gulf stream, as every one knows, is a broad river of warm water which starts in the gulf of Mexico, wanders across the cold Atlantic ocean and bumps into the British Isles, giving them a warm climate and no end of fog and rain. But few people know that in the atmosphere above there is a second gulf stream of warm, moist air.

This slow, damp breeze strikes the British Isles and does not carom off like the gulf stream, but continues over Europe. As it passes over Sweden, Finland and northern Russia these cold lands chill the wind and cause it to drop its moisture in the form of rain. The lakes and rivers of these northern countries are all supplied by the moisture taken up from the gulf stream.

The rotation of the earth makes this wind veer gradually to the southward about the time it has given up the last of its moisture and warmth. As a mighty draft of dry, cold air, the gulf stream wind moves on across the plains of Russia. As it approaches the equator the wind warms again, but becomes ever drier.

At last, as it sweeps over Turkestan, Arabia and Sahara, it evaporates like a great sheet of blotting paper all water it meets, forming the deserts of Turkestan, Sahara and Arabia. Fortunately this devastating wind now leaves the continent, becomes the trade winds and returns to its starting point at the gulf of Mexico.

Several somewhat visionary schemes have been suggested for altering the course of the gulf stream. One of the immediate results of any such change would be the shifting of the present deserts to other parts of the world.—New York American.

MOLECULAR ATTRACTION.

That is What Permits a Needle to Float Upon Water.

A steel needle laid carefully on a still water surface will float, although the weight of steel or iron is greater than that of an equal volume of water.

Molecules of liquids cohere, but with a force far less than in solids or viscous substances. But the thin needle of metal gently placed horizontally on water has not quite weight enough to break the surface tension—that is, molecular attraction—of the water below it.

Attraction of molecules is a force that exerts great influence in nature. Thus this force draws particles of water in fogs into drops of water which are heavy enough to fall as rain. Dew is a formation of minute particles of water into drops at rest on surfaces.

The molecular attraction of the heavy liquid—mercury—is intense, else this heavy liquid could not be drawn by it into spheres or drops. Melted lead forms into minute globes when let fall in high shot towers.

There is a great difference in the intensity of molecular attraction, as may be observed in alcohol, gasoline, sulphuric ether and similar limpid liquids and oil, sirup, glycerin and other viscous liquids.

Soap bubbles could not be blown in alcohol or benzine, but they form readily in water. And the molecules in the thin films really attract with some force, else the bubbles would burst before they become so large. The most elaborate mathematics are required to handle molecular forces, fit only for technical journals.—New York American.

Working the Morse Code.

Easiness of the telegraph code has sometimes facilitated evil practices. Charles Galbraith, formerly chief superintendent of telegraphs at Bombay, described one notable case. Messages used to be brought by mail steamer from Suez to Point de Galle and telegraphed thence overland to Bombay. Native operators found it profitable, especially during the cotton famine, to communicate the tenor of dispatches to outside confederates. At first the method employed was to write a copy of the telegram, roll it up tightly and drop it out of the window. But this was soon detected and stopped. Then the operator would lean his head on his hand as if musing and drum with his fingers. Knowledge of the Morse code by the man outside did the rest.

An Inch of Rain.

An inch of rainfall is equivalent to 600 barrels of forty-five gallons each to the acre. This amount of water weighs over 113 tons. Think of hauling it to the farms in wagons holding a ton each! That seemingly light air and clouds are capable of handling this enormous amount of water is one of the marvels of meteorology. One inch of rain is not such a heavy rainfall, either.—Ferm and Fireside.

Why She Couldn't.

"Oh, I couldn't love him."
"Why not?"
"He wears a wig. The very idea!"
Then the dear creature removed two rats, some puffs, a coronet, a braid, a pompadour, a switch and sat down to peruse a novel.—St. Louis Republic.

Right in Fashion.

"I hear Tom is a gentleman farmer now."
"Right up to the notch too. Put evening dress on all his scarecrows at dusk."—London Answers.

How to Him.

Professor—Have you read "Lamb's Tales?"
Butcher—No, I've seen a good few black sheep, but I dunno as I ever seen a red 'un!—London Telegraph.

It must be the change of the mind, not of the climate, that will remove the mountains of the heart.—Gosens.

LOUIS W. HILL OFFERS HANDSOME SILVER CUP AT OREGON STATE FAIR, SALEM, ORE., SEPT. 28 TO OCT. 3, 1914.



Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, has signaled his interest in the Oregon State Fair, to be held at Salem, Ore., Sept. 28 to Oct. 3, by offering a handsome silver cup as a special prize for the best individual farm exhibit.

Every farmer is urged to enter the contest and help make this affair a huge success.

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